

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**THE SEVEN
CRYSTAL BALLS**



MAGNET



THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

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1.1.1. KARAGÖR



HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns

LIVERPOOL, *Thursday.* The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borla' or royal crown of solid gold. Funerary inscriptions establish beyond doubt that the tomb belonged to the Inca Rascar Capac.

This will lead to trouble...
You see if it doesn't!

?



What'll lead to trouble?

All this mummy business.
Remember, young man, what
happened with Tut-Ankh-
Amen!



Think of all those Egyptologists,
dying in mysterious circumstances
after they'd opened the tomb of
the Pharaoh... You wait, the
same will happen to those busy-
bodies, violating the Inca's burial
chamber.

You think so?



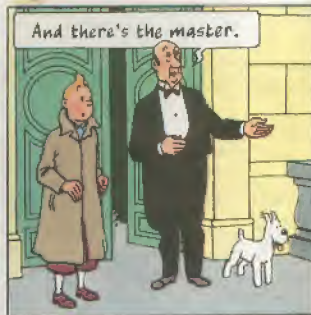
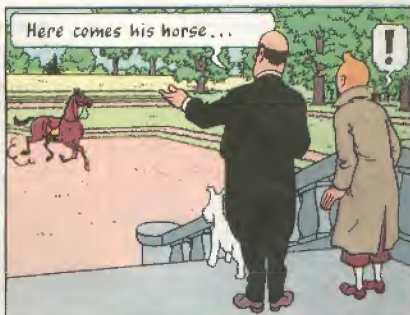
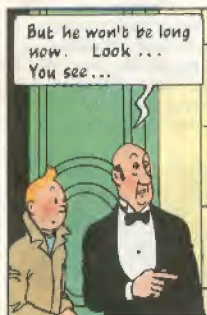
I'm sure of it!... Anyway, why
can't they leave them in peace?...
What'd we say if the Egyptians
or the Peruvians came over here
and started digging up our kings!
... What'd we say then, eh?

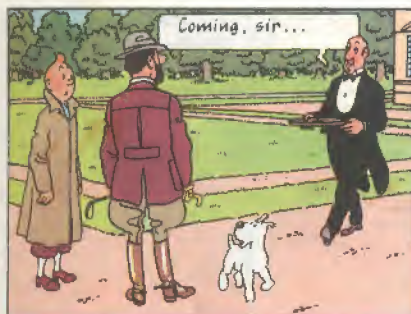
Well, I...

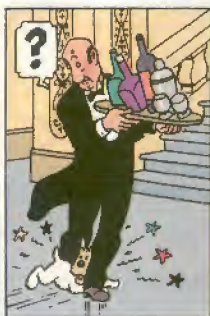
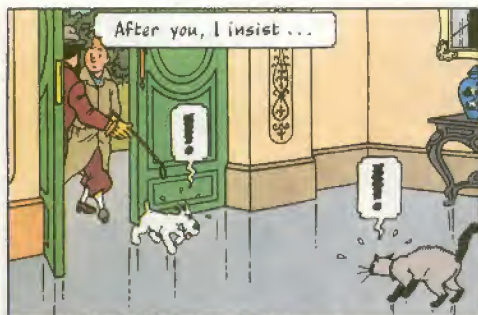


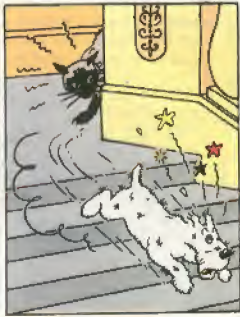
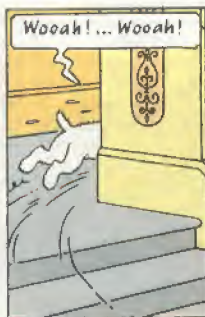
Oh... excuse
me. I see
we're com-
ing to my
station...
I must go.

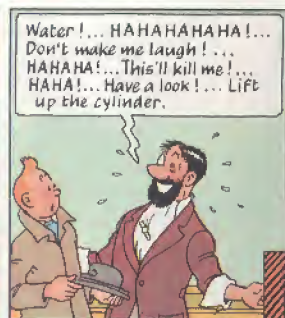
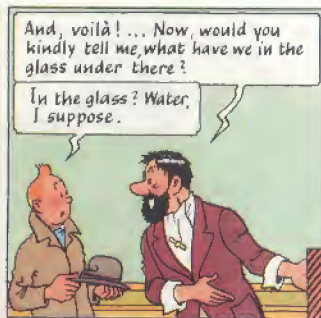










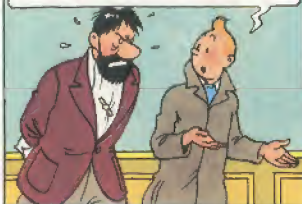


But what on earth did you expect it to be?

Whisky, by thunder!
... Whisky!



Whisky?... Come now, Captain, you can't be serious. How in the world could water turn itself into whisky?... It's impossible!



Impossible! Impossible! ... No, blistering barnacles, it's not impossible. He manages it every time!



Bruno, the master magician! He's appearing at the Hippodrome. I've studied his act for a solid fortnight, trying to discover how he does it...



Yesterday I thought I'd solved it at last. Blistering barnacles, what do I get? Water; water, and still more water! But I'm going back again tonight, and you're coming too! This time I'll get the answer!



You must watch carefully to see exactly what he does...

We've got plenty of time. There are several other turns before he comes on.



First we have Ragdalah the fakir, with Yamilah, the amazing clairvoyante. Then Ramon Zarate, the knife-thrower. Next...

Ssh! Here comes Ragdalah the fakir. He's incredible too.



Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in inviting you to participate in a remarkable experiment: an experiment I had the honour to conduct...



... before his Highness the Maharajah of Hambalapur, and for which he invested me with the Order of the Grand Naja... The secret of the mysterious power at my command was entrusted to me by the famous yogi, Chandra Patnagar Rabad... And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you one of the most amazing personalities of the twentieth century...



I present: Madame Yamilah!



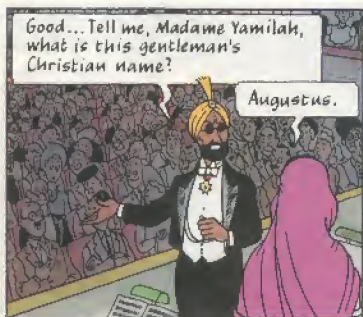


First I will put Madame Yamilah into a hypnotic trance...



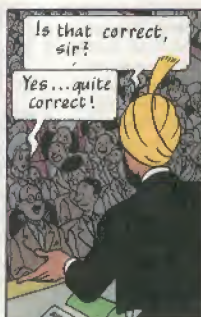
Madame Yamilah, are you ready to answer me?

Yes, master...



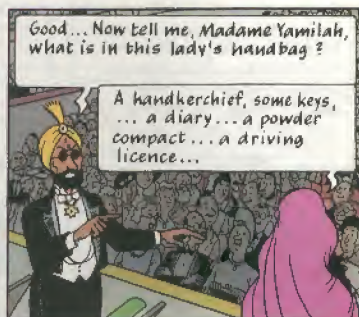
Good... Tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is this gentleman's Christian name?

Augustus.



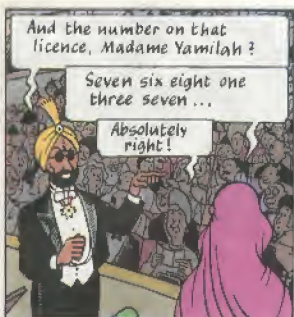
Is that correct, sir?

Yes... quite correct!



Good... Now tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is in this lady's handbag?

A handkerchief, some keys, ... a diary ... a powder compact ... a driving licence...



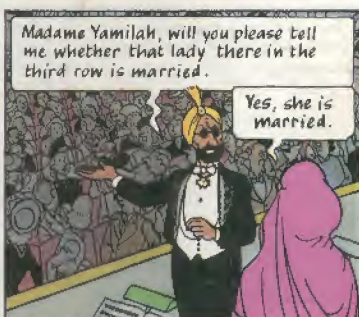
And the number on that licence, Madame Yamilah?

Seven six eight one three seven ...

Absolutely right!



Fantastic, isn't it?



Madame Yamilah, will you please tell me whether that lady there in the third row is married.

Yes, she is married.



Good... And what is her husband's profession?

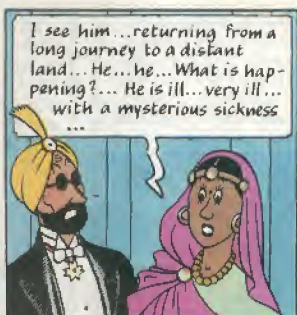
Photographer.



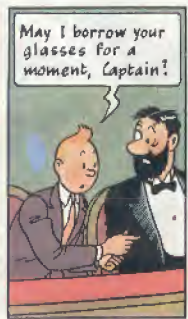
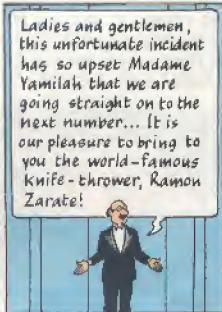
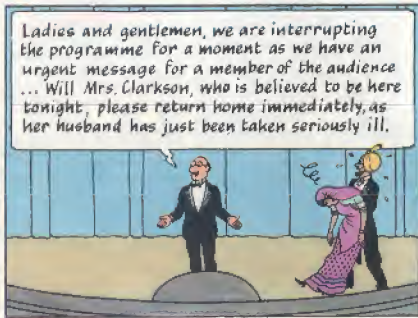
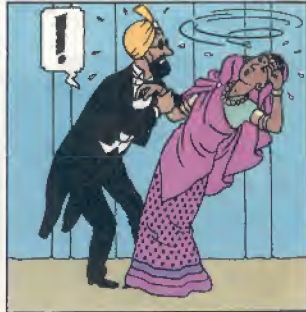
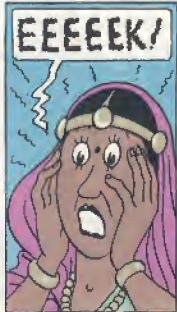
Is that right, madam?

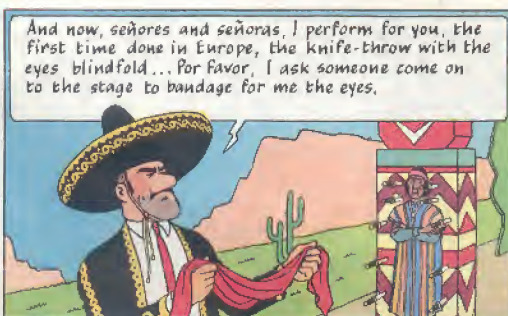
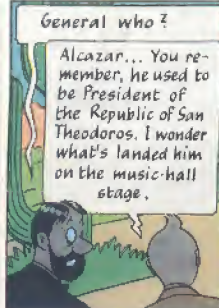


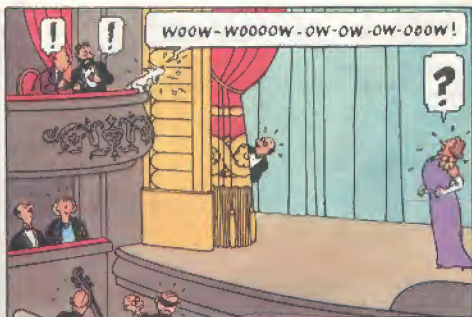
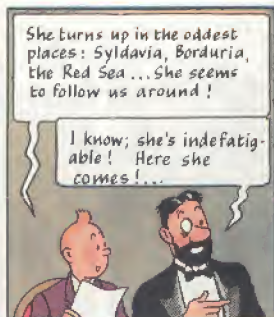
Quite right.



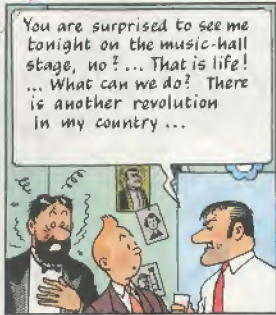
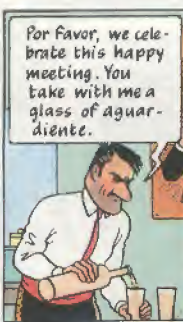
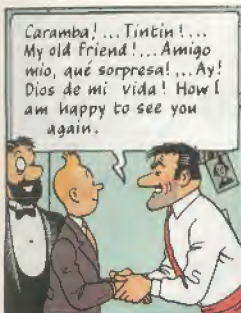
I see him... returning from a long journey to a distant land... He... he... What is happening?... He is ill... very ill... with a mysterious sickness ...

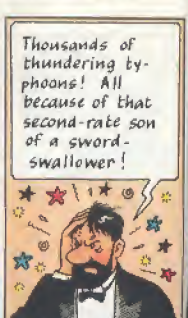
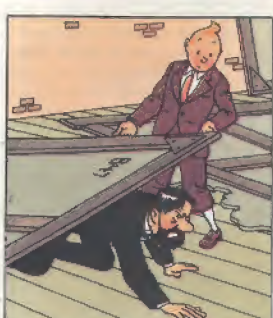


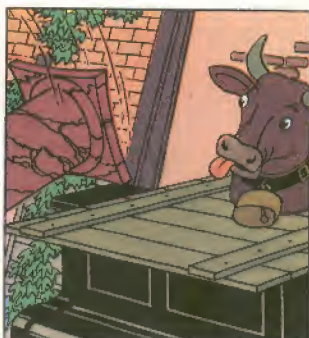


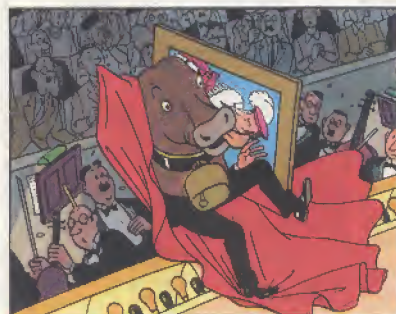
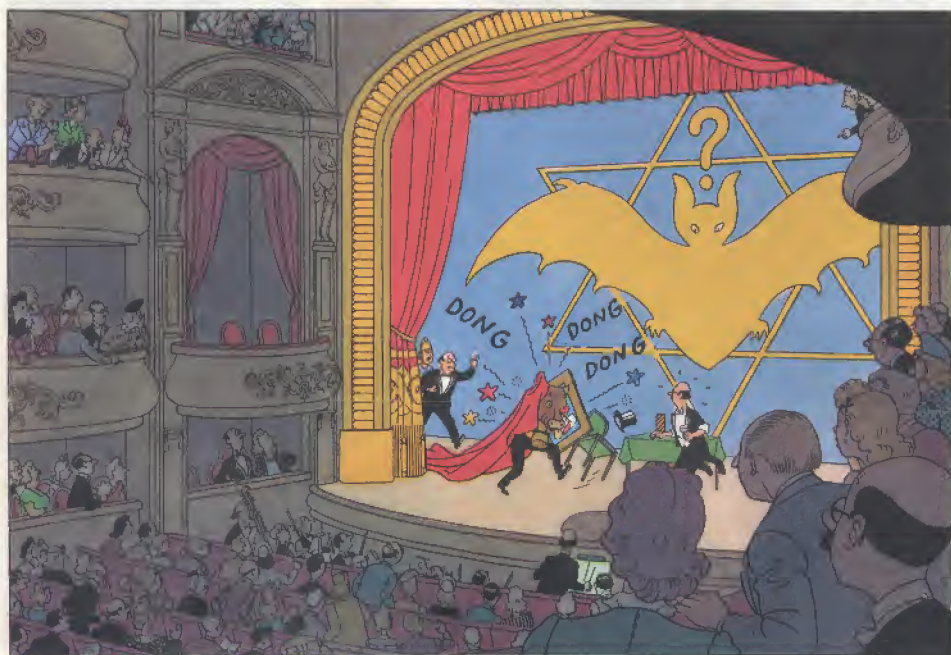














A delightful evening, I must say! ... I'll drop you off on my way home.



Two days later...

?

MYSTERY ILLNESS STRIKES AGAIN

First Clarkson, now Sanders-Hardiman

Late last night Mr. Peter Clarkson, 37, photographer to the Sanders-Hardiman expedition to South America, was suddenly taken ill at his home. A few hours later Professor Sanders-Hardiman was found in a com-
bedroom.

Think of all those Egyptologists, dying in mysterious circumstances after they'd opened the tomb of the Pharaoh ... You wait, the same will happen to those busybodies, violating the Inca's burial chamber.



There could be something in what that chap said... Who knows? ... I wonder...



Hello! ... How are things?



Hmm... All right... Yes, all right... We can't deny that we're right as ever.

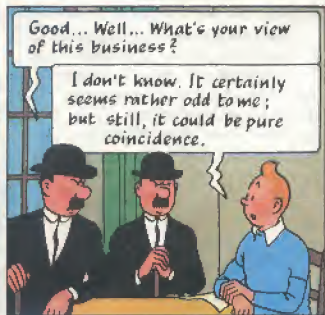
Quite right... quite right ... To be precise; we can deny that we're ever right.

Just as usual, eh?



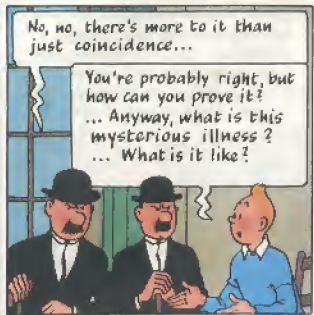
Er... quite... You've seen this-morning's paper?... "Mystery illness strikes again"? ... Professor Sanders-Hardiman?

Yes, I saw that.



Good... Well... What's your view of this business?

I don't know. It certainly seems rather odd to me; but still, it could be pure coincidence.



No, no, there's more to it than just coincidence...

You're probably right, but how can you prove it? ... Anyway, what is this mysterious illness? ... What is it like?

Strictly speaking, it isn't exactly an illness... The two victims were found asleep: one at his desk, the other in his library. According to a preliminary report, the explorers seem to have fallen into some sort of deep coma or hypnotic sleep...

Oh ? How very strange...

But have a look here...

?



Well ? ... They're little pieces of glass.

Pieces of crystal... they were found close to the two victims.

Have you thought of having these crystal fragments analysed ?

Yes, I've left some of them at the laboratory at police headquarters. They're working on them now.

There it is : that's all we know so far.

Anyway, it's enough for us to rule out the theory of simple coincidence... What we need now is the result of the police analysis. I wonder...

I'll ring up the laboratory. Perhaps they've got the answer already.

Good.

Hello ? ... Headquarters ? ... Put me through to the laboratory, please... Hello, Doctor Simons ? ... This is Thomson... No, without a P, as in Venezuela... Yes... the analysis... Well ?

What ? ?

Professor Reebuck ! ... It's fantastic ! ... Found asleep in his bath... Yes... They discovered the same crystal fragments... Incredible ! ... I say, how is the analysis getting on ? ... Have you... ?

Nothing definite yet... We've established that the glass particles come from little crystal balls... These probably contained the substance...

... which sent the unfortunate victims into a sort of coma... The substance ? We have absolutely no idea... Yes, we're pressing on with our tests... I'll let you know how things are going. Goodbye.

I can't believe it ! Professor Bath-tub found asleep in the reeds !

Number three !

We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

Why?... You don't think that they... that we... that it...?

Of course! There's no reason why this should stop. Everyone who took part in the expedition is in danger. Let's see... Sanders-Hardiman, Clarkson, Reebuck: that's three... Who were the others?... Oh, yes! Mark Falconer. Ring up Mark Falconer.

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?

It's always the same with the telephone: whenever you need it, it's guaranteed to be out of order!

There's no reply!

I hate to interfere, but if I were you I'd try using that.

Is that Mark Falconer?

Yes, Falconer speaking ...

Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reebuck too?... And... no... What's that! Crystal fragments! ... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

I'll pick up a taxi and be with you right away. Meanwhile, warn Cantonneau, Midge and Tarragon. Tell them to stay indoors. And above all to keep away from the windows... Yes, windows... Me? Don't worry, I shall be on my guard... Goodbye for now, I'll be with you soon.

He's coming here. He seemed to know all about it... He said we should warn the other explorers, telling them not to go out, and to keep away from the windows.

Good, I'll warn Professor Cantonneau...

Great snakes! I can't get through! I must keep on trying!

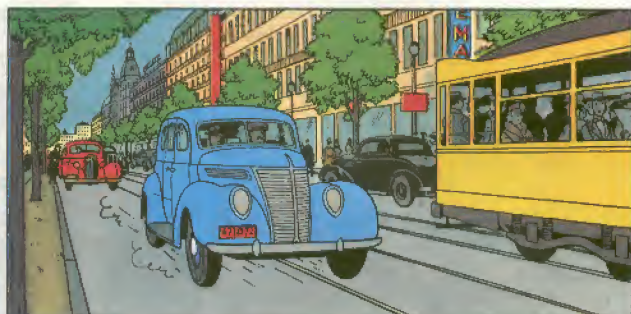


If they put in an appearance, I'll be ready!



Twenty-six, Labrador Road

Right you are, sir.



Hello?... Ah, it's you, Professor Cantonneau. Thank goodness I've caught you in time!



My dear Tintin, what's the matter?... No, I've not heard anything... I... What? But that's fantastic!... And Clarkson too?... And Reedbuck?... How terrible!... What? I must be on my guard!



Yes, be very careful... And above all, don't go near the window... Yes, the window... It's ...



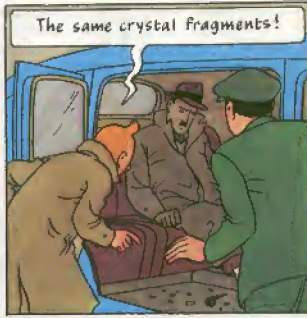
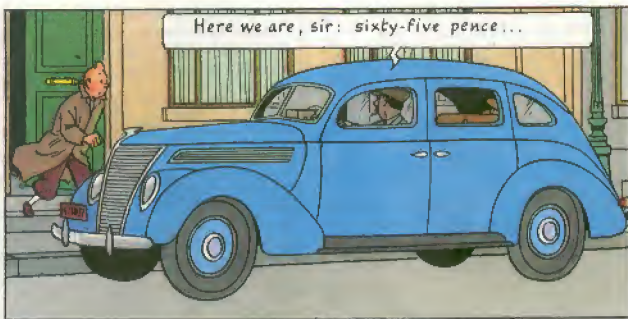
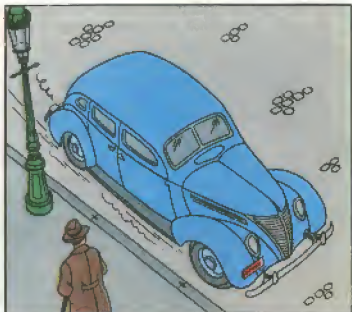
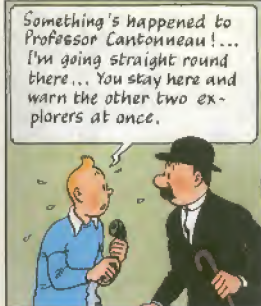
ZZINGG
OH!... CLING
CLING CLING
CLING



Hello?... Hello Professor Cantonneau!... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?

What's happened?





SALES

The Plot Thickens. Mark Falcon collapses in the rain.

MYSTERY OF THE CRYSTAL BALLS

New victims. The Police are making intensive enquiries into the attack on members of the expedition.

AN INCA TUT-ANKH-AMEN!

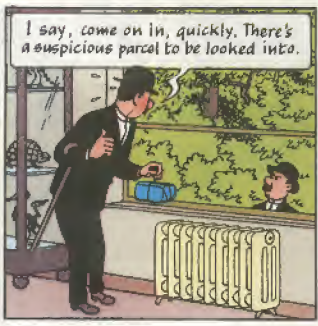
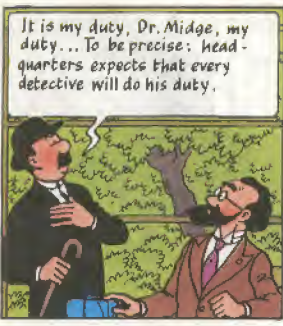
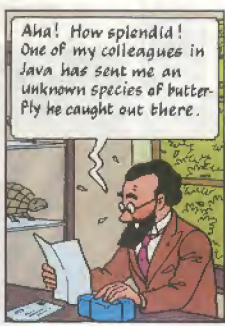
Professor Cantonneau, Mr. Mark Falcon, Mr. Peter Sanders-Hardiman, Mr. Peter Clarkson.

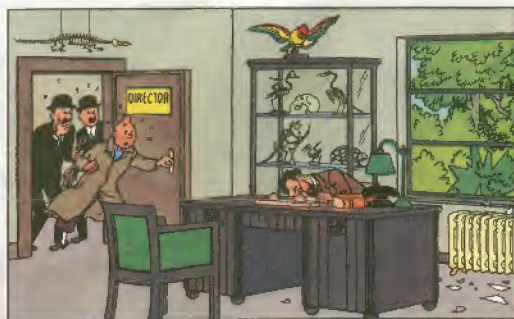
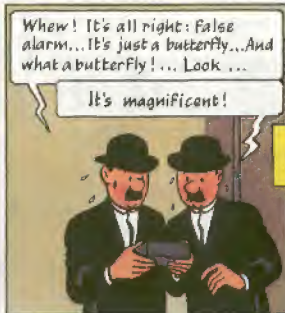
THE VENGEANCE OF RASCAR CAPAC

A tragic story lies behind the South American museum.

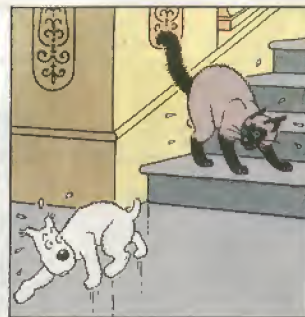
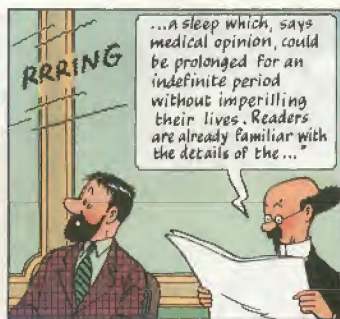
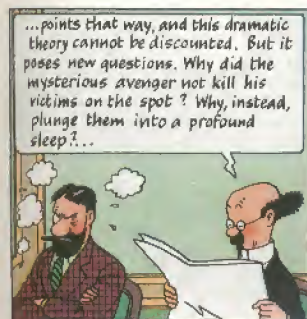
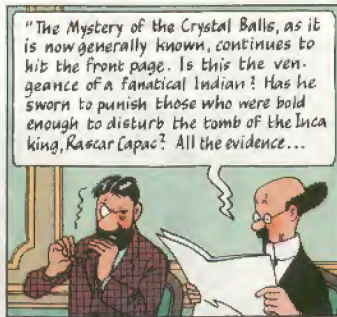
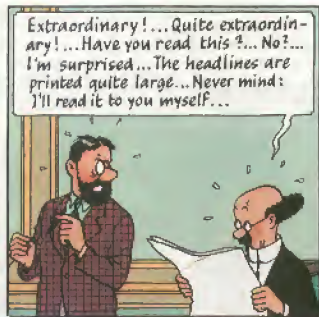
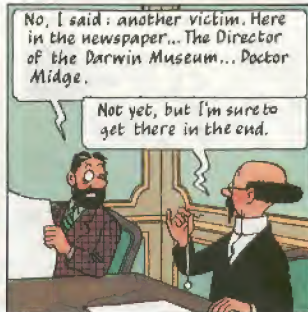
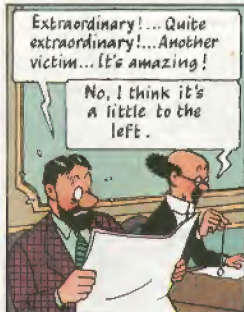
ARE THERE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS?

... of the seven explorers who took part in the expedition, only Doctor Midge and Professor Iarragon have escaped the fate of their colleagues. A day-and-night police watch is being kept on their homes, and on the office of Dr. Midge, Director of the Darwin Museum.



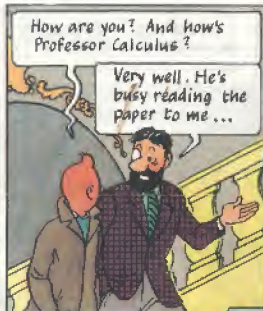






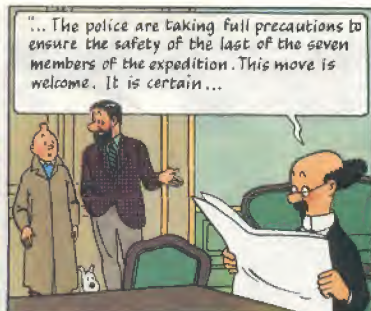


Tintin, my dear fellow!
...How very nice!

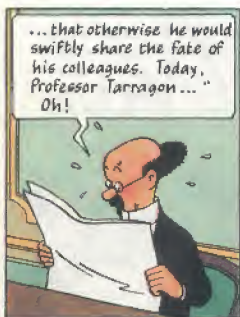


How are you? And how's
Professor Calculus?

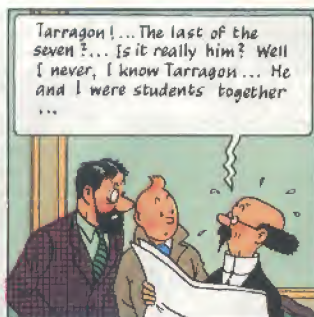
Very well. He's
busy reading the
paper to me...



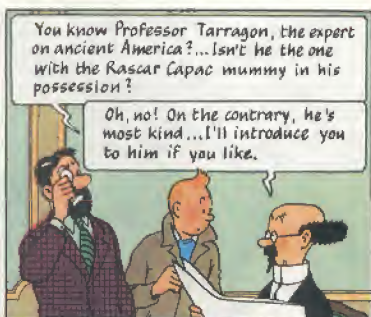
... The police are taking full precautions to
ensure the safety of the last of the seven
members of the expedition. This move is
welcome. It is certain...



...that otherwise he would
swiftly share the fate of
his colleagues. Today,
Professor Tarragon... "
Oh!



Tarragon!... The last of the
seven?... Is it really him? Well
I never, I know Tarragon... He
and I were students together
...



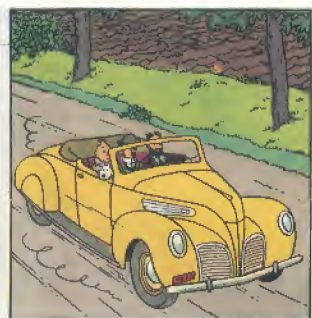
You know Professor Tarragon, the expert
on ancient America?... Isn't he the one
with the Rascar Capac mummy in his
possession?

Oh, no! On the contrary, he's
most kind... I'll introduce you
to him if you like.

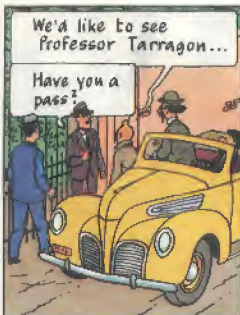


I'd enjoy meeting him.
Thank you.

You'd like to go
now?... Certainly...
Come along...



Look, visitors for
Professor Tarragon.



We'd like to see
Professor Tarragon...

Have you a
pass?



Haddock, Tintin
and Calculus...
Right. Wait here,
and I'll see if you
can go in.



It's like trying to get into
a fortress!

We have our
orders...



O.K., these gentlemen
can come in.



They're certainly looking after the professor!



Blistering barnacles, it's hot!

Yes, I think there's a storm brewing...

RAT
TAT
TAT



Come in!



Here we are, Professor. Here are your visitors.



Hello, Hercules!

Cuthbert!



Well, well, dear old Cuthbert!



My dear Hercules, I've brought two of my friends to meet you...

Welcome, gentlemen, welcome!



Let me introduce Captain Haddock, retired from the sea...

How d'you do.



And this is my young friend Tintin, the famous reporter...

A grip like a mangle!

Delighted.



Woah!
Woah!



What's the matter, Snowy? What's up?

?

HA - HA - HA - HA - HA !



Here's the culprit... Our friend Rascar Capac frightened your dog... Rascar Capac: he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven.



BOOM



What about that! We were just talking about Rascar Capac, he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven, and I think he's going to oblige: look ...



You have an open car, I believe... IF I were you, I'd put it under cover right away. These summer storms can be very violent ... an absolute downpour...



Thanks. May I put it in the garage?

Did you hear that? ... Sounded like a shot outside...



BANG

Over there ... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house ...



Quick, let's see what's happening...

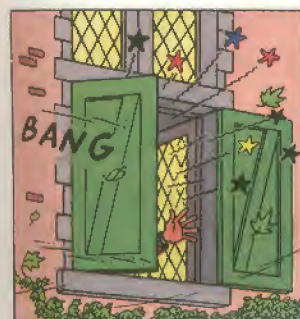


That came from the direction of the gates.



BANG





Everything all right?...Good, good...
At any rate, the false alarm did
prove that the house is well
guarded.

Yes, it certainly seems
to be. But still, we
must be very care-
ful.



By the way, Professor, what do you
make of this whole business of the
crystal balls?

What do I make of it?...
Not much... But, as a matter
of fact, I've drafted a
paper...



...on the occult practices
of ancient Peru. It seems
to have some bearing,
but I doubt if it will
solve our problem.



Look at this... it's a translation
of part of the inscriptions
carved on the walls of Rascar
Capac's tomb... You may like
to read it.

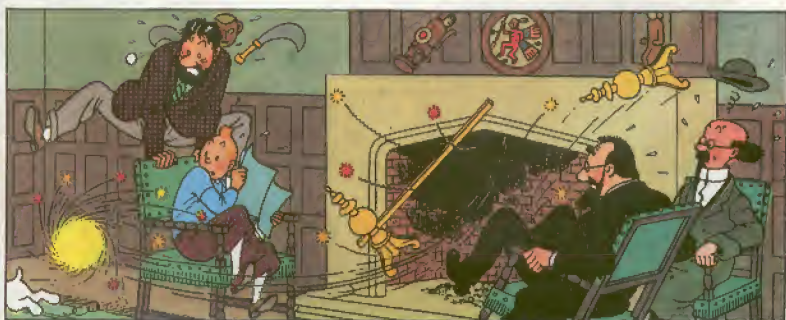


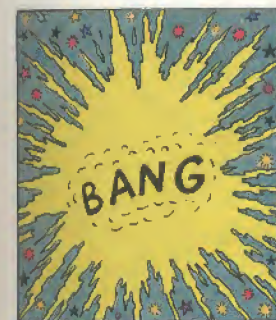
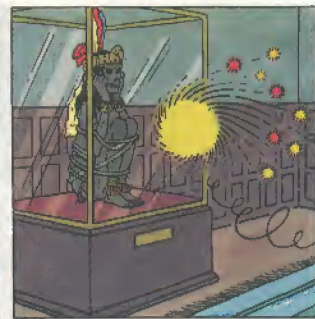
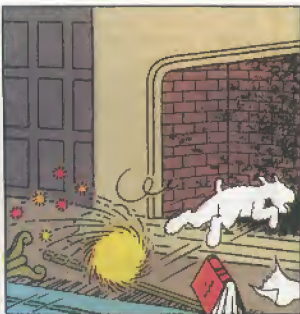
"After many moons will come seven stran-
gers with pale faces; they will profane the
sacred dwellings of he-who-unleashes-
the-fire-of-heaven. These vandals will
carry the body of the Inca to their own
far country. But the curse of the gods
will be as their shadow and pursue
them over land and sea..."

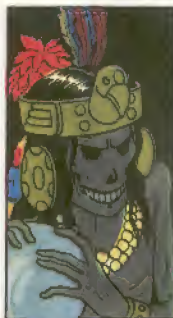
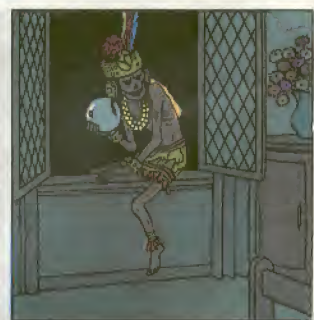
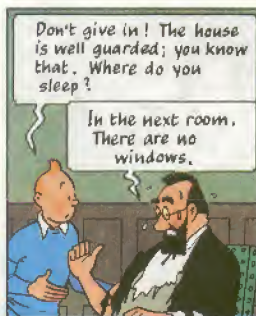
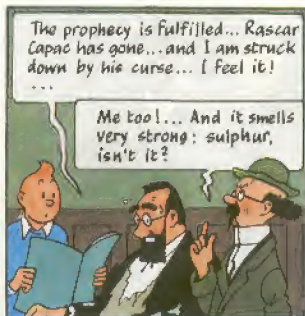
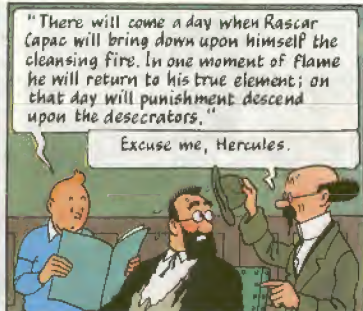


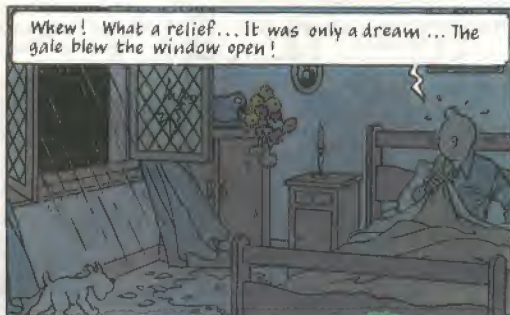
But...but... this is quite
extraordinary!

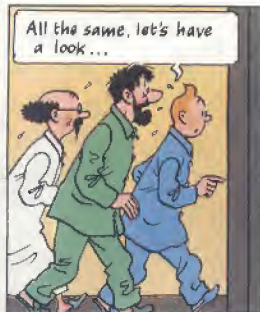
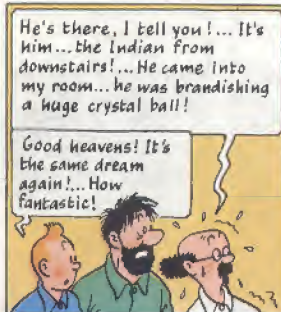
Isn't it?... But
read the next
bit...

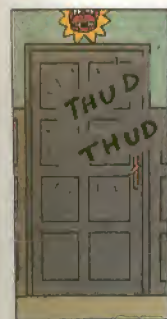
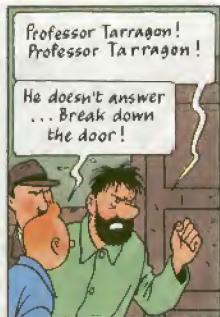












But it's impossible...
every single exit is
guarded...



Professor Tarragon!
Professor Tarragon!



There's nothing we can do...The
crystal ball has done its work...and
claimed the last of the seven.



Quick, the window!...The intruder
must have gone that way!



But no... the window and
the shutter are closed tight
... it's incredible!



Has anyone gone
past you?



No, sir, no one
at all...
Why?

This absolutely beats
me... How did the
fellow make his
getaway?



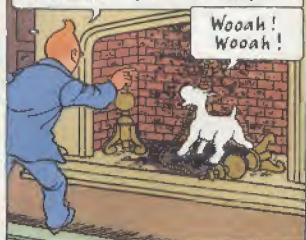
Oh! Look over there!
Rascar Capac's Jewels
have disappeared!



WOOAH!
WOOAH!

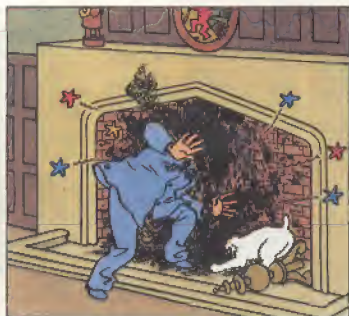
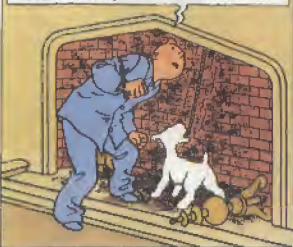


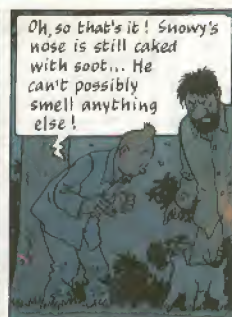
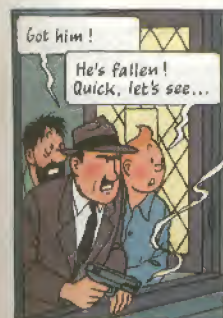
There! That's how it was
done... the attacker came
and went by the chimney!

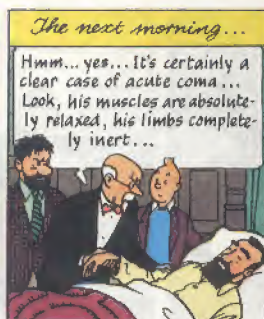


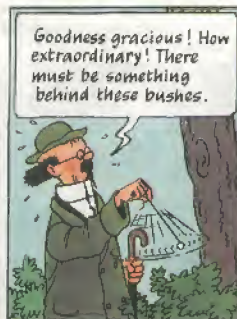
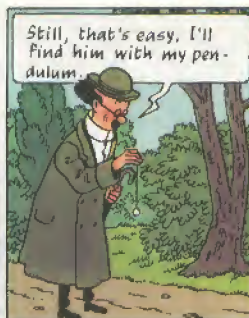
Wooah!
Wooah!

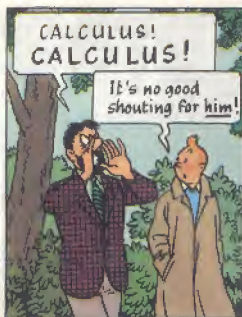
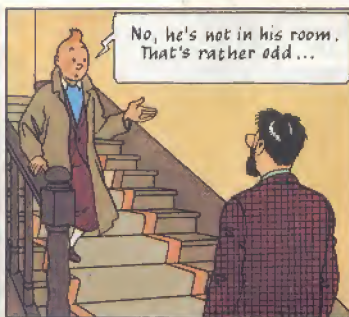
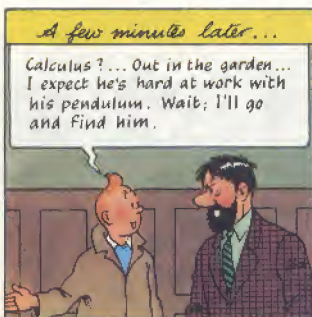
Well, if he went up here, there's
still time - he can't have got
clean away...

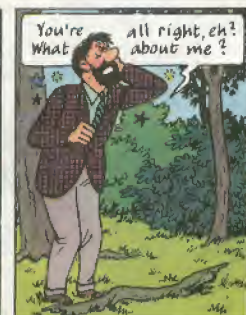
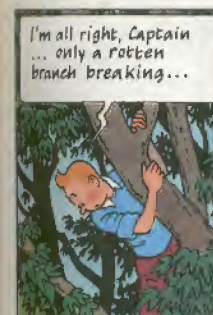
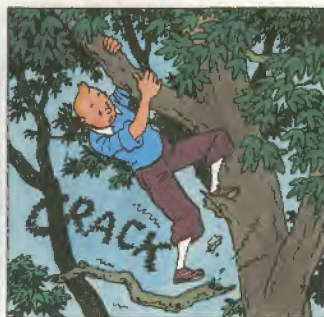
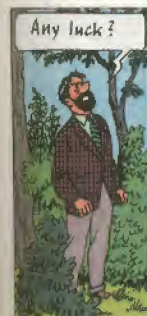
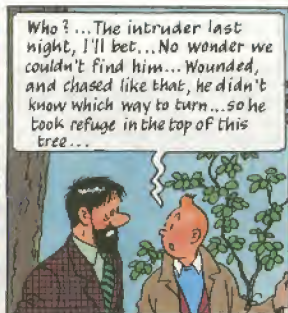
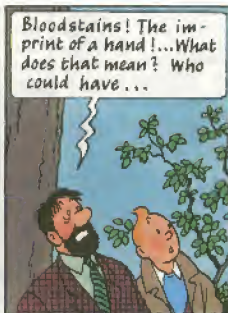


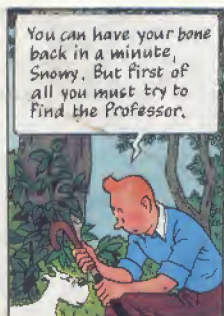
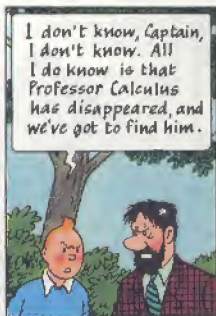
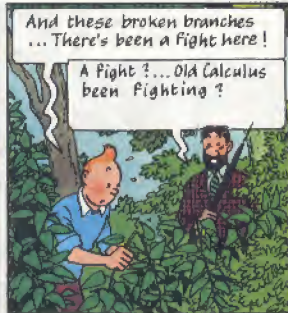




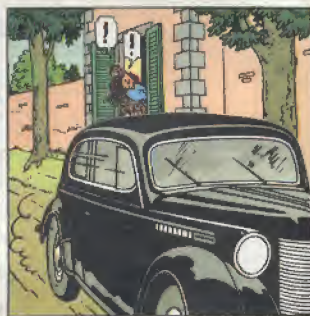
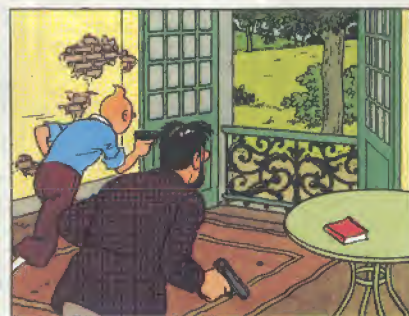
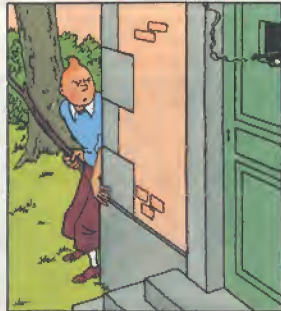


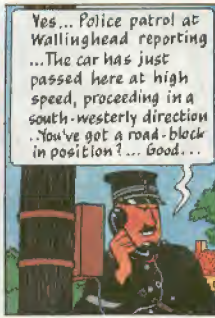
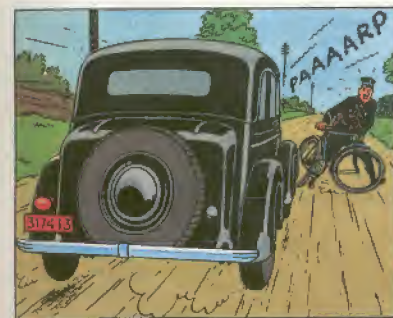
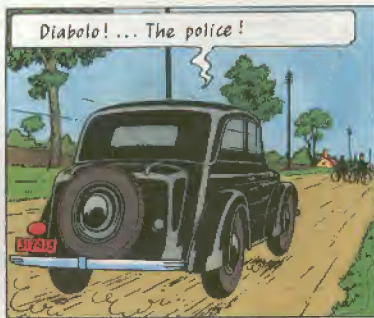
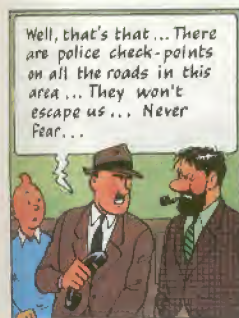
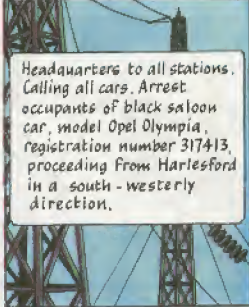


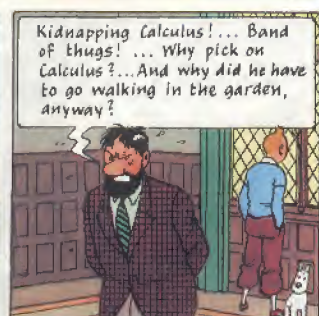
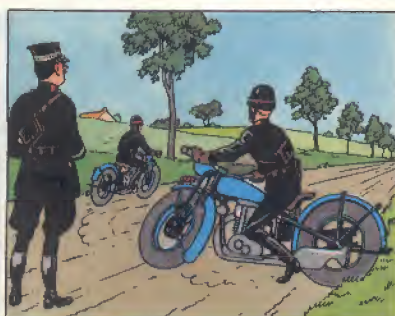
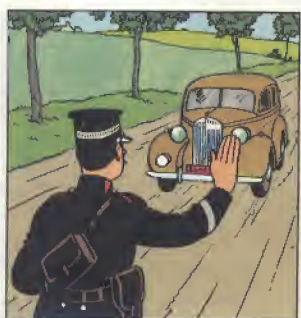


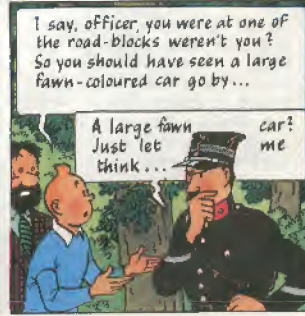
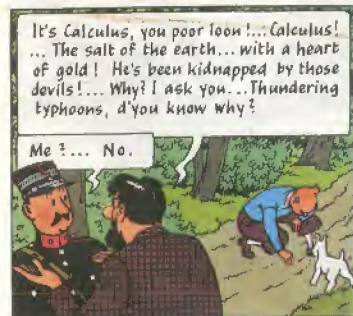
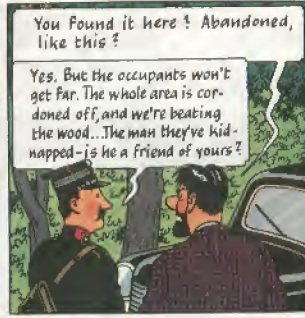
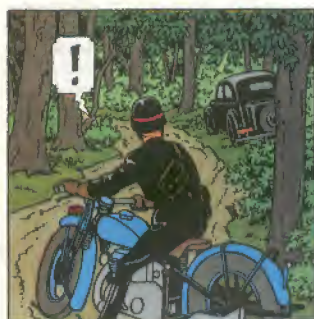












Good heavens, you're right! A fawn car did pass us... A saloon... I stopped it myself.

You didn't think of taking the number?

No... why should I?... But wait a bit... The driver looked like a foreigner: Spanish, or South American, or something like that... Fattish, sun-tanned, black moustache and side-boards, horn-rimmed glasses...

And the others?... There were some others, I suppose?

Yes, there was someone sitting beside him... Another foreigner, I'd say: dark hair, bony face, hooked nose, thin lips... I think there were two other men in the back, but I only caught a glimpse of them.

Good!... Well, you can call off the beaters... It's a waste of time. The kidnappers are far away.

Oh, yes? How do you know that?

How do I know?... Look at these tracks... Here are the tyre-marks of the Opel. But here are some others, different tyres. Dunlop I'd say: the tyres of the car that was waiting for the Opel.

Blistering barnacles, you're right! But how did you guess that it was fawn-coloured?

Look here...

Specks of fawn paint... The lane is narrow. In turning, one of the wings of the car scraped against this tree, leaving traces of paint.

The crooks! So they switched cars!

Come on, we must pass all this on to the police at once. Perhaps they'll be able to catch them further on...

The next morning...

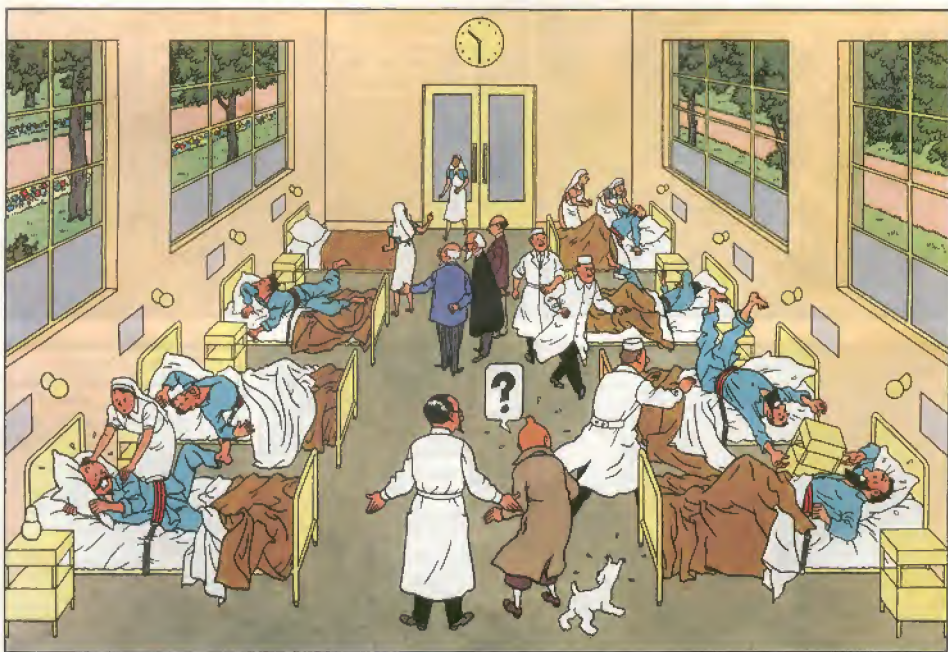
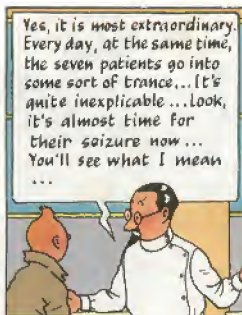
Let's see... Ah, here...

"The car used by the kidnappers is a large fawn saloon..." Good... "The occupants are believed to be of South American origin..." That's right... "Anyone who can give any information is asked to get in touch with the nearest police station immediately."

Oh well, there's still some hope left...

RRRING
RRRING

Hello, this is Thomson... Yes, without a P... I say, there's something very queer going on at the hospital where the seven explorers are detained... I think you'd better slip round there...

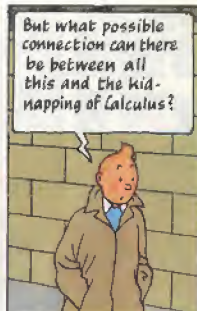




It's certainly very peculiar.



But what possible connection can there be between all this and the kidnapping of Calculus?



The next day ...



Good afternoon, Nestor. How is the Captain?

Oh sir, he's aged ten years since this trouble began ... And you, sir? Have you any news?



None Nestor. Poor Professor Calculus has vanished into thin air.

Oh dear, oh dear! The master will be so disappointed.



He's there, sir.



Hello, Captain.

Ah, Tintin! Hello ... Well, what about Calculus? Anything new?



Nothing at all, I'm afraid.

Thundering typhoons.



WOOAH
GRRR
FFFH



Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



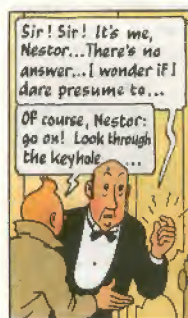
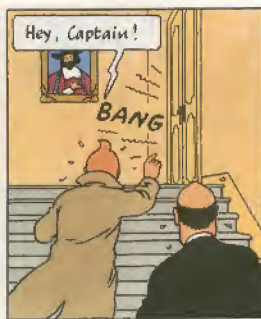
Wooah!
Wooah!

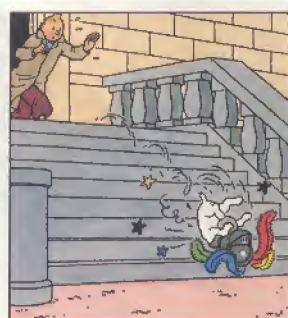
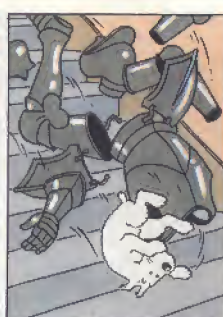
RRRRING



Hello ... Yes, it's me ... Who's that? ... Oh? ... Well, what news? ... What?!







Meanwhile...



Just one more
bot... the last...



My poor, poor
friend. What has
become of you?



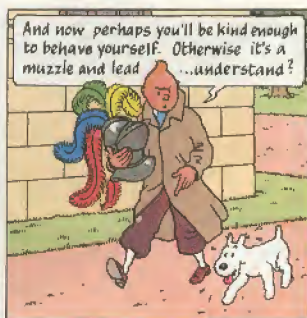
Here's to you, Cuthbert old
chap. We'll find you, I promise
—dead or alive.



As I've told you before—
more to the west!



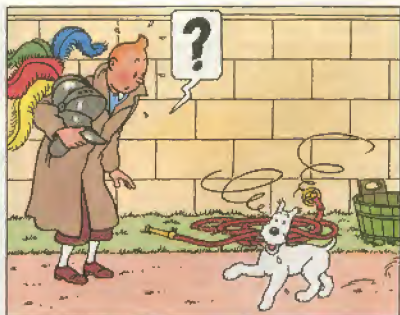
And now perhaps you'll be kind enough
to behave yourself. Otherwise it's a
muzzle and lead ...understand?



What is it now? Oh,
you're thirsty?
...All right,
go on.



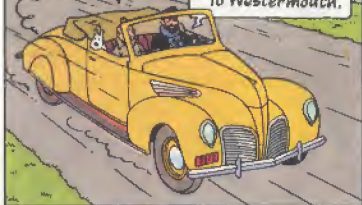
Mm-m-m-m!
This is what I
call water!



A few minutes later ...

And now, Captain, will you please tell me where we're going?

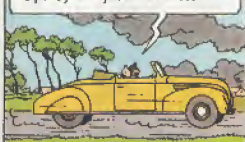
To Westermouth.



The police rang me... The fawn car was seen near there two days ago by a garage-hand. They stopped at a pump for petrol, then left, heading towards the docks. Undoubtedly the kidnappers have boarded a ship with Calculus... And so will we ...



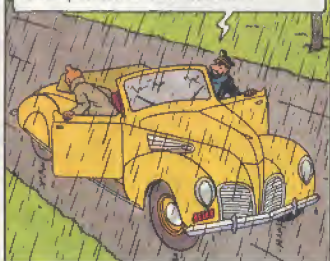
... by thunder, and snatch him from the grasp of those iconoclasts, those vampires, those ... And just think: Westermouth, docks, jetties, the ocean, the sea-breezes whipping the spray in your face ...



As for the spray, Captain, you've got your wish!



Blistering barnacles! ... Quick, the hood, or we'll be drenched!



What's up?



Thundering typhoons, it's stuck! ... Something's caught up ... I'll try to do it from inside the car ...

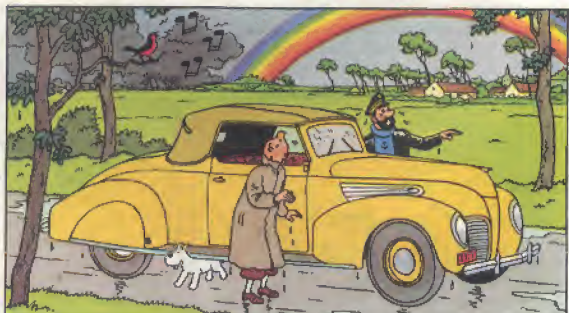
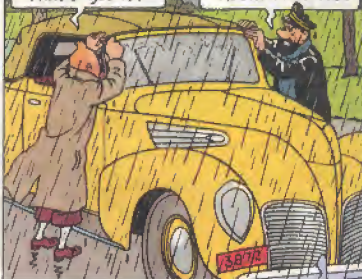


Billions of blistering barnacles!



That's got it!

About time too!





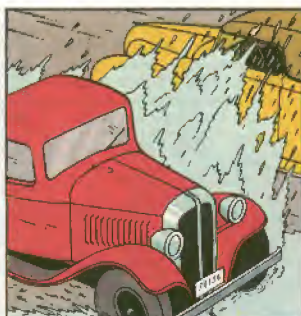
Thundering typhoons!
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



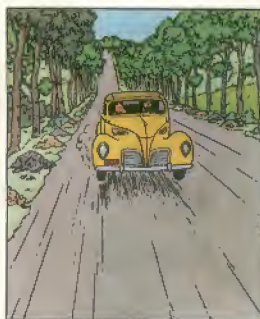
Oh, well, at least I'm a bit
drier now...



Gangsters!... Road-hogs!... Mountebanks!
Steamrollers!... Nyctalops!... Parasites!



Sea-gherkins!... Pock-marks!
Cannibals!
Come on, Captain; hurry up, or
we'll never get there.



As soon as we get to Westermouth to-
morrow, we'll go straight to the
police; they'll put us in the
picture...



Early next morning...



I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a
fawn car all right; but was it the one containing
your friend? It was seen heading for Westermouth... and since then, nothing... it has
simply vanished.



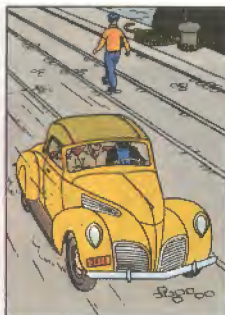
The search is continuing,
that's all I can tell you.
But in my opinion, there's
very little chance...
Excuse me...



Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector
Jackson... Yes... Again?...
What?... Where?... In one
of the docks?...
Well I'm...!! There's no
mistake about it?...
Excellent!

Well gentlemen, you're in luck! The fawn car has just been recovered from one of the docks. If you'd like to come with me, we'll go and have a look.

Thanks very much!



It was a trawler, coming in. She struck an obstacle, so we dragged the dock... And there you are.

Is there any means of identification? ...
Number plate? ... Licence?
... Engine number?



Nothing at all, sir. There are no number plates, and the engine and chassis numbers have been filed off. It's a mass-produced car, so there isn't much chance of ever finding out...

Yes, I see...



Anyway, we can be certain of one thing: whoever kidnapped Professor Calculus embarked here, having first tried to get rid of the car by dumping it in the dock.

Yes... yes... perhaps...



We must act at once: we'll radio a description of your friend to all the ships that have sailed from Westermouth since the twelfth. Then we'll see what happens.

Thanks, Inspector—and you'll let us know how things are going?



All things considered, we're not much further on.

I know.



Hello, she's leaving for South America... and the kidnappers could be aboard... with poor Calculus!



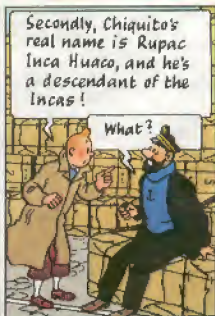
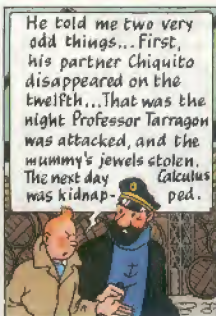
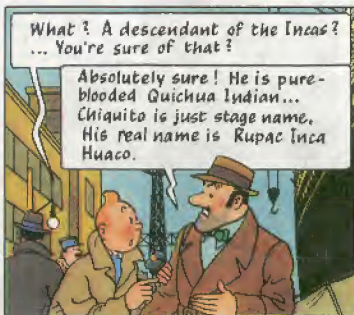
Great snakes!... That looks like... Yes, it is!



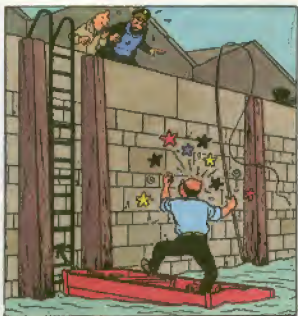
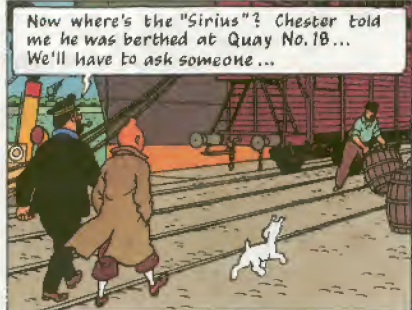
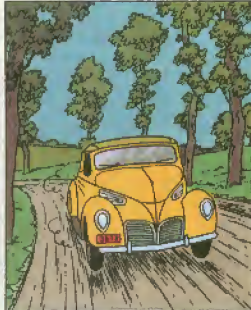
Hey!... Who are you?

Police!











Whew, that was a near thing!



Hello, Snowy. What have you got there?... A hat?



Goodness, it's the same one... The one the Captain kicked.



There... And leave the dirty thing alone!



Here, Snowy! Come here! And put that hat down!



Why can't you do as you're told?



We'll put a stop to your little game...



Now!... At least you won't go in there after it!



Come along, Snowy!... Here!

Woah! Woah!



SPLASH



Oh, so you're trying to make a fool of me, are you?



Donkey! What do you want me to do with the hat? Wear it?



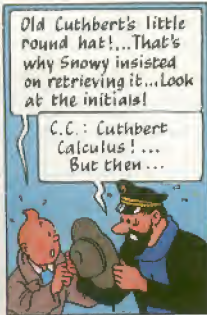
Then I'd look like... Crumbs!... No, it's impossible!



!



Captain! ... Captain! ... I've got Calculus's hat!



Old Cuthbert's little round hat! ... That's why Snowy insisted on retrieving it! ... Look at the initials!

C.C.: Cuthbert Calculus! ... But then ...



Calculus wasn't taken aboard at Westermouth. It was here at Bridgeport... But what ship? ... And what was her destination? ... That's what we need to know.

But how can we find out?



I've got it! We must try to find those two lads who played the trick with the hat.

Yes! I'll teach the young pirates a thing or two!



On the contrary, Captain, you'll be very nice to them ... After all, thanks to them we found the hat ... and we want them to tell us how they came by it themselves.

Oh, yes...



Good old Snowy; because of you we've made a wonderful discovery... Now we want you to help us again... We must find those two scamps... you ran after them, remember?



An hour later...



?



Hey, what's bitten you?



Hello there!



Don't worry, we're not looking for trouble. We just want to know where you found this hat?

That hat? ... We were down in No.17 shed this morning... where the crates were stacked for loading aboard...



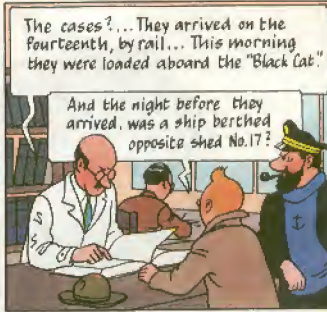
... the "Black Cat"... When they lifted one of the crates out of the shed, I saw the hat underneath, all flattened out ... Honestly, it wasn't my idea to play that trick ... it was my friend ...



Well, your friend had a jolly good idea ... Didn't he, Captain?



Now, Captain, to the harbour master's office. We'll ask them when the packing-cases came into the warehouse.



The cases?... They arrived on the fourteenth, by rail... This morning they were loaded aboard the "Black Cat".

And the night before they arrived, was a ship berthed opposite shed No.17?

On the thirteenth?... Let's see... Yes, the "Pachacamac" - a Peruvian merchantman. She arrived from Callao on the tenth with a cargo of guano; she sailed again for Callao on the fourteenth with a load of timber.

Fine, I'm most grateful to you.

As I see it, Calculus was kidnapped by Chiquito, a Peruvian Indian; he's aboard the "Pachacamac", a Peruvian ship, bound for a Peruvian port!

But, thundering typhoons, we must go after these gangsters at once! We must rescue him!

Agreed! We'll leave for Peru as soon as we can... Tomorrow, or the day after. Now I'm going to ring up the Inspector and tell him what we've discovered.

Good. And I'll telephone Nestor to tell him we're leaving.

Hello... yes, speaking... What? The Professor's hat?... You... Oh!... Yes... Of course... The "Pachacamac" for Callao... It seems a very strong lead... Yes, I'll make the necessary arrangements... What? You're going to Callao? But that's absurd!... As you like... When are you leaving?... Right... Goodbye, and good luck!

The next day...

Excuse me, but that isn't the plane for South America taking off, is it?

Yes, that's her.

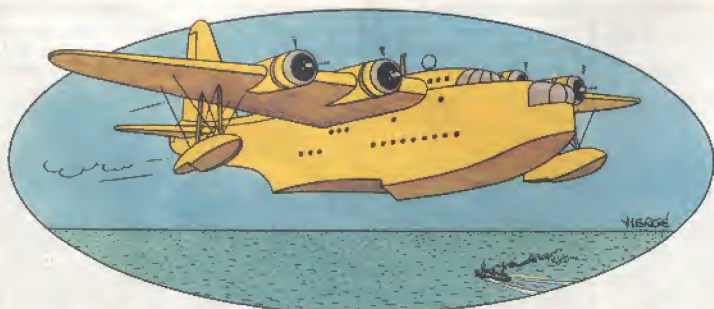
Oh dear! Oh dear! What a calamity! What a terrible calamity... The master! My poor, poor master!

What's up? Any thing serious?

It is indeed! The master has left without a single spare monocle!

Now off to Peru!... We shall be in Callao well before the "Pachacamac". We'll get in touch with the police there at once, and as soon as the ship arrives, we'll rescue Calculus.

Yes, that's all very fine, but I wonder if it will be as easy as you think...



What will happen in Peru? You will find out in **PRISONERS OF THE SUN**